

The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1873.

NUMBER 15

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME 7.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT

ORANGEBURG

Every Saturday Morning.

BY THE

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per Day.

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rates.

44-45

Persons of the Period.

BY ORPHAN C. KERN

Jane used champagne to light her fire the

fastest.

"We lay her to rest," intoned the pastor.

Smith blew the gas out, ere the bed he glid-

ed for.

Leaving his family quite unprovided for.

To learn if charged, Jones breathed into his

following piece.

His widow's uncle will support his howling

piece.

Brown thought he'd flirt with Simpson's

wife a little.

The jury stood a dozen for acquittal.

"I'll shave," said Ruth of woman's rights

the forerunner.

"The razor must have slipped," observed

the coroner.

Stiles jumped up to reach a moving rail car's

platform.

A home's bereavement shocking is in that

form.

"That whiskey one can stand," said Tomp-

kins, "try oh, let's."

His sleep is sweet beneath the early violets.

His shop-girls put on topmost floor, did

Blaney.

After the fire they didn't count so many.

Jinks tried to stop, by hand, a something-

or other in saw.

"My daughter's next shan't smoke," remark-

ed her mother-in-law.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that

I don't know. Haven't I been there to

gather roses and feast on strawberries?

No! it was not a cottage *proper*—there

was nothing Frenchified about it. It

was purely American, and harmonized

sweetly with the delightful scenery. No!

it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico;

nothing at all of the kind. But then it

had rose vines running all over the

windows, and whole colonies of wrens

that built their nests and sang beneath

its eaves. To the right was a field of

clover, red with blossoms; on the left

was an orchard from whence winds

scattered a shower of blossoms; in front

was a green lawn, shaded with some

massive walnut trees; and to the rear

opened a long grass bare through which

the cows walked every morning to the

pasture, beyond and returned at night.

I know well enough to whom this

cottage belonged. No, it wasn't to a

scholar, teacher, or a preacher, or an

author—no such thing. It was built

by the hand of him who owned it and

lived in it, and I had always re-

marked its excellent taste in blending

the useful with the beautiful, though I

had never seen him—my visits having

been to his wife, and during his absence.

I had learned of him though; heard

enough to make me intensely curious to

see him, for not a female tongue in the

neighborhood approved of his wife's

choice.

"What is the matter with him?" I

asked. "Is he immoral?"

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder

but, to tell the truth, Dolly, he is

insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred

and cicatrized, I should think by fire,

and you know it always makes me

nervous to look at anything of that

kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in

rescuing some child of fortune woman

from the flames," I said.

"Don't know," never heard; never

made inquiries; you know they only

came to live in this neighborhood last

summer, and I never dared ask what

disfigured him, but I wish that you

would."

"I am considerably acquainted with

Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I thought of

calling upon her this morning; perhaps

she will tell me without asking."

"Do; that's a dear good Dolly!"

And I did.

The whole atmosphere seemed radi-

ant with music and fragrance; I couldn't

tell why all the birds had taken it into

their heads to sing, warble, and build

their nests there; and I didn't know

why it was that the roses, buttercups,

violets and daisies should prefer that

place to any other; but they seemed to

judging from the profusion in which

they grew.

The whole aspect was delightfully

rural and picturesque, and over all

lingered an influence of quietude and

repose.

A narrow footpath, crooked as foot-

paths, always ran, wound along through

the down, beneath the shadows of giant

willows, and by this I approached.

entered the little gate, and ascended the

graveled walk, bordered by bed of

flowers, to the door. It was open and I

went in.

Alone—a serene and peaceful hush

reigned within. The balmy wind nestled

in the weathervane's snowy drapery hang-

ing at the window, where great white and

red roses bowed their graceful heads,

and the warm, rich sunlight came in

in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradle was

there; and it required no conjuring to

tell that cradle had an inmate—a self-

denied, thoughtful, imperturbable

little baby, whose quiet calmness I could

not understand. I was wide awake, and

its great blue eyes staring with infant

persistence at something, I couldn't tell

what; then they turned upon me and I

retained the gaze. But it made no

difference; the baby had not a frown or

evil thought to hide; it was not con-

scious of a sin in word or deed; hence

there came no blush to that delicately

rounded cheek, no faltering to that calm,

quiet eye, limpid as a lake in summer,

serene as the heaven in June.

There was a rustle and a flutter of

muslin, the sound of a slight, springy

step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and

Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She

was not very beautiful, but sparkling

and vivacious, with a glow of health on

her cheek and its light in her eye.

The baby had roared now, to be sure;

no more of its quiet calmness, no

more of its thoughtfulness and serenity.

Its little form fairly fluttered with joy;

it laughed, clapping its dimpled hands.

"You've come to stay all day with me,

haven't you? and the baby had such

good company while mamma was gone.

hadn't it?" she said in a light, chirrupy

way that set off the little fellow with

renewed delight.

Her invitation had only seconded my

design to remove my bonnet and man-

tilla, while she sat down on the rocker

and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy

the day in each other's society.

I can't tell you what we talked about.

No; it was not balls, nor operas, nor

film, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's

character was dissected. No; the infir-

mities of the clergyman were not shown

up. No; not a morsel of private scandal

was cut and carved. But the time flew

swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and

when the great round sun was sinking

behind the trees that burned and glowed

in the rich, warm light, she came to

where I was sitting and without a word

laid a portrait in my lap. It was that

of a noble looking man, with most ex-

pressive and faultless features.

"Is this your husband?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered

with a sigh. "You have seen him?"

"I replied in the negative.

"You will stay with me this evening?"

"I replied that I should be happy to

form his acquaintance, and again looked

at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she

answered, wiping away a tear; "yet he

says he shall ever have cause to bless

the fire by which he lost his good looks

but which won't him what he esteem-

ed a thousand times more valuable."

"What was it?" I asked, with un-

countable dullness of apprehension.

She pointed archly and with a smile

to her wedding ring.

"Do tell me the story; I should be

delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying:

"I do not know that you will consider

it very interesting; however, several

reasons conspire to make me wish that